

S U P P L E M E N T.

CCLI.

1 HENCE! ev'ry sad idea hence!
 Come Faith, and realize to sense
 The heav'nly SAVIOR's love;
 Help me to trust th' Almighty's word,
 Believe the promise of my Lord,
 And hope for joys above.

2 When conscience feels the sting of sin,
 Nature may groan and mourn within,
 But can't the pain allay:
 Yet comfort dawns from Calv'ry's hill,
 There flows the healing, crimson rill,
 That cleanseth all away.

3 Lord of my life, O let me find
 Thy light diffusing thro' my mind,
 All darkness to destroy:
 Distrust and fear will then depart,
 Redeeming love will fill my heart,
 My soul o'erflow with joy.

4 O let thy word, with grace replete,
 Now make my breast contentment's seat,
 To know thee as my friend:
 Then grateful songs of thanks and praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days,
 Not cease when time shall end.

CCLII.

Matt. xxiii. 37. *O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy Children together, even as an Hen gathereth her Chickens under her Wings.*

1 **T**HE parent bird with tender care
 Defends her infant brood ;
 From ev'ry ill and danger calls,
 And caters for their food.
 Thus HE, who on the parent bird
 Such tenderness bestows ;
 With greater tenderness regards
 His plaintive people's woes.

2 What can his needy children want,
 That CHRIST doth not afford ?
 If *wisdom* is the thing they seek,
 They find it in his *word*.
 Beneath the shadow of his wings
 They rest secure from harm ;
 The law here ceases to condemn,
 Its terrors to alarm,

3 His *providence* preserves their *lives*,
 And blesteth them with good ;
 Their sinful hearts he purifies
 With his own precious blood.
 HE *clothes the naked* with his robe
 Of *righteousness* divine ;
 And in the wounds that sin hath made
 He pours both oil and wine.

- 4 In HIM the *heavy-laden* soul
A sweet refreshment finds,
And rest and peace HE kindly gives
To weary, troubled minds.
With pity HE beholds the *poor*,
He sees their wretched case,
And, to relieve their need, bestows
The *riches* of his grace.
- 5 HE sees the sorrows of their heart,
And flies to their relief;
In their distress HE bears a part,
And shares in all their grief.
Dear condescending LORD, by faith
Enable me to see,
That thou dost give thy glorious self
To rebels, LORD, like me.
- 6 Possess'd of THEE, the precious pearl,
I can count all things mine;
For CHRIST is GOD's, and GOD hath said
"Whate'er I have, is thine."
Possessing THEE, thou ALL in ALL,
I can want nought beside;
JESUS, JEHOVAH-JIREH is,
The LORD, that will provide.

CCLIII.

- 1 HAIL, holy, holy, holy LORD!
Be endless praise to Thee!
Supreme, Essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

- 2 Enthron'd in everlasting state,
E'er time its round began,
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man.
- 3 All that the name of creature owns
To thee in hymns aspire;
May we, with angels, on our thrones
For ever join the choir.
- 4 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endless-praise to thee!
Supreme, Essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

CCLIV.

- 1 **W**HEN with my mind devoutly press'd,
Dear SAVIOR! my revolving breast
Would past offences trace;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace.
- 2 This *tongue*, with blasphemies defil'd,
These *feet* to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree;
Who would believe such *lips* could praise,
Or think my dark and erring ways
Should ever lead to thee.
- 3 These *eyes*, that once abus'd their sight,
Now list to thee their wat'ry light,

And

And weep a silent flood ;
 These *bands* ascend in ceaseless pray'r,
 Oh ! wash away the stains they wear
 'In pure, redeeming blood.

- 4 These *ears*, that pleas'd could entertain
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
 When round the festal board ;
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
 And long to hear thy word.
- 5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part,
 Oh ! wouldst thou more transform my heart,
 That drossy thing refine ;
 That *grace* might nature's pow'r controul,
 And a *new-creature*—body, soul,
 Be *all*—be ever thine.

CCLV.

ZECH. XIII. 1.

- 2 HAIL everlasting spring !
 Celestial fountain hail !
 Thy streams salvation bring,
 Thy waters never fail :
 Still they endure,
 And still they flow,
 For all our woe
 A sov'reign cure.

- 2 Blest be his wounded side,
 And blest his bleeding heart,
 Who all in anguish dy'd
 Such favors to impart.
 His sacred blood
 Will make us clean
 From ev'ry sin,
 And fit for God.
- 3 To that dear source of love
 Our souls this day would come;
 And thither from above,
 LORD, call the nations home;
 That Jew and Greek
 With rapt'rous songs
 On all their tongues
 Thy praise may speak.

CCLVI.

Luke xix. 41. *When he beheld the City he wept
 over it.*

- 1 **W**HAT venerable sight appears?
 The SON of GOD dissolv'd in tears!
 Trace, O my soul, with sad surprize,
 The sorrow of a SAVIOR's eyes.
- 2 For whom, blest JESUS, we would know,
 Doth such a sacred torrent flow?
 What brother, or what friend of thine,
 Is grac'd and mourn'd with drops divine?

- 3 Nor *brother* there, nor *friend* I see,
But sons of pride and cruelty;
Who like rapacious tigers stood
Insatiate panting for thy blood.
- 4 Dear LORD, and did thy gushing eyes
Thus stream o'er dying *enemies*?
And will thy tenderness forget
The sinner humbled at thy feet?
- 5 Our hearts with deep-contrition move
That we have wrong'd such matchless love;
Thy gentle pity, LORD, display,
And smile our fears and griefs away.

CCLVII.

- 1 **W**HO hath our report believed?
SHILOH come is not received,
Not received by his own:
Promis'd BRANCH from root of *Jesse*,
David's offspring sent to bless ye,
Comes too meekly to be known.

- 2 Lo! MESSIAH! unrespected!
MAN of GRIEFS, despis'd, rejected!
Wounds his form disfiguring:
Marr'd his visage more than any,
For HE bare the sins of MANY,
All our sorrows carrying.

- 3 No *deceit* his mouth had spoken,
Blameless, HE no law had broken,

A 4

Yet

Yet was number'd with the worst ;
 And (because the LORD would grieve HIM)
 We, who saw it, did believe him,
 For his own offences curst.

4 But while HIM our thoughts accused
 HE for us alone was bruised,
 Stricken, smitten for OUR guilt :
 With his stripes OUR wounds are cured,
 By his pains OUR peace assured,
 Purchas'd with the BLOOD HE spilt.

5 Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his SON to save us,
 Bless'd the SON, who freely came.
 Honor, blessing, adoration,
 Ever, from the whole creation
 Be to GOD and to the LAMB.

CCLVIII.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my GOD,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart ;
 But thou can'st read it there.

- 3 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom these blessings flow'd.
- 4 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd the way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Thro' all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
Yet, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

CCLIX.

- 1 **H**E comes, he comes, the Judge severe,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
welcome to the faithful soul.

From heav'n, angelic voices found,
See the almighty JESUS crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the SAVIOR's face.

Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory decks the
SAVIOR's face.

Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
His kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
5 hail him their triumphant LORD.

Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the MOST HIGH:
Our GOD, who now his right obtains,
for ever and for ever reigns.

Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever
reigns.

The FATHER praise, the SON adore,
The SPIRIT blest for evermore;
salvation's glorious work is done; [ONE.

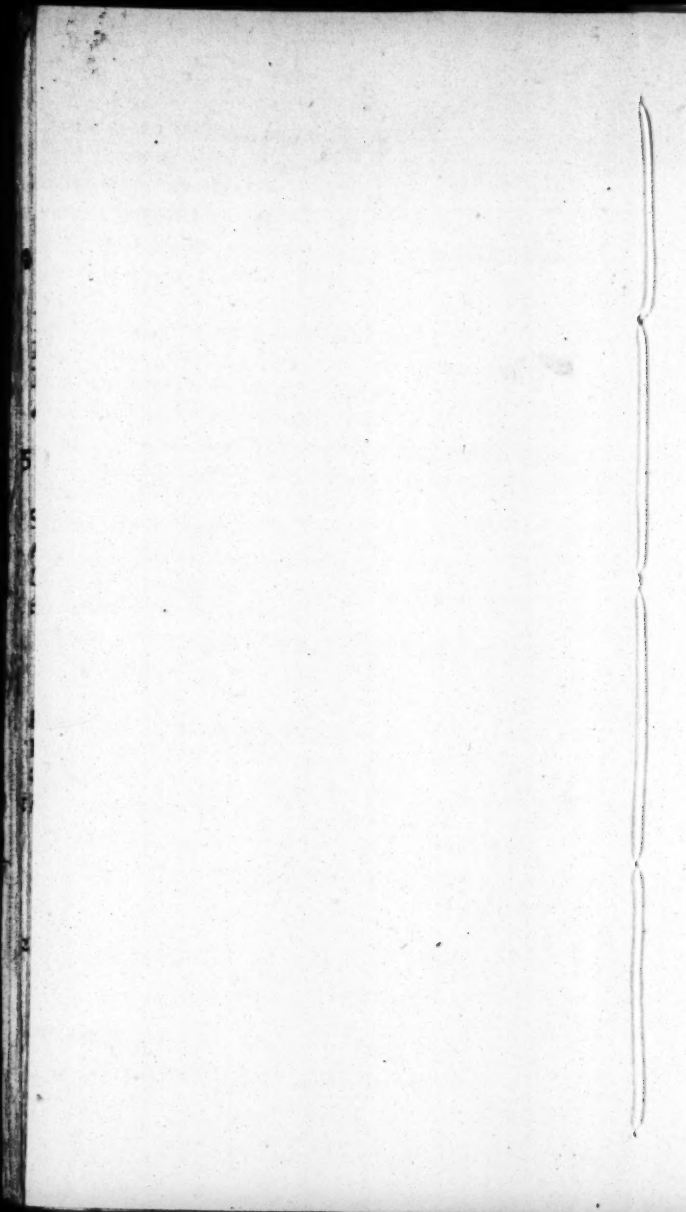
We welcome THEE GREAT THREE IN
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
welcome THEE GREAT THREE IN
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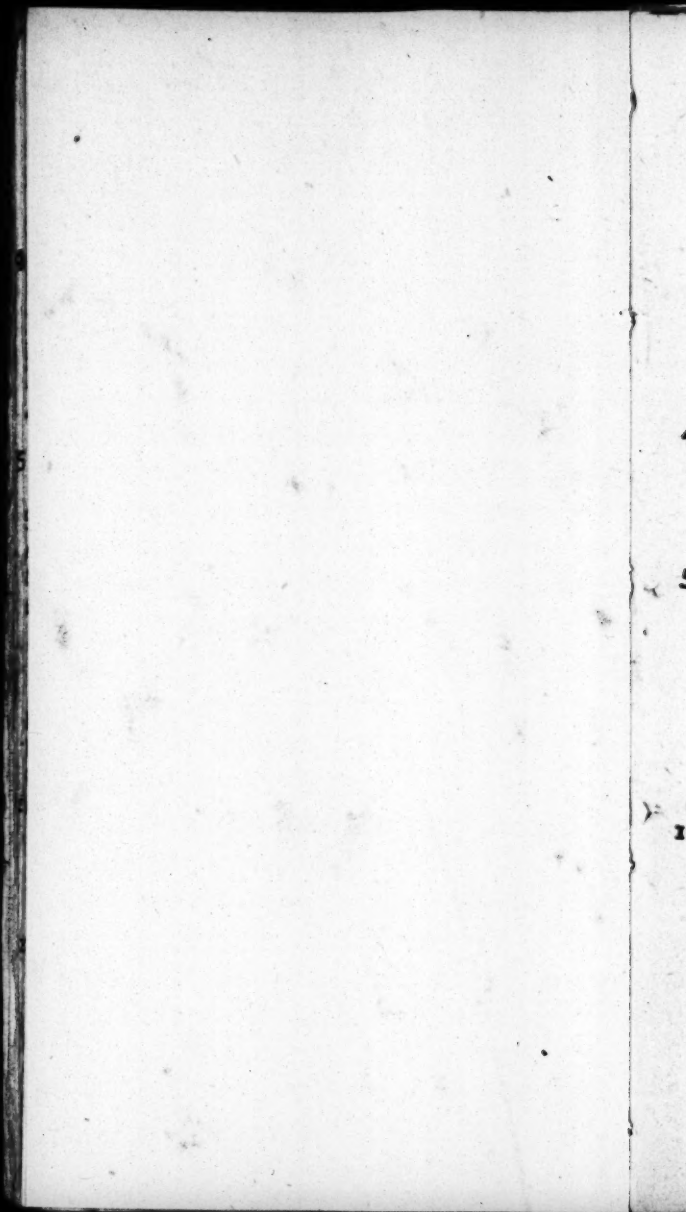
CCLX.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,

Help







- 2 To joy he doth restore my soul,
And brings my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.
- 3 His providence my num'rous wants
Most richly has supply'd;
His grace with gifts more num'rous still:
My soul has satisfy'd.
- 4 When thro' the vale of death I go,
No evil shall I fear:
His presence will uphold my soul,
His promises will cheer.
- 5 When sin and death shall be no more,
And I to bliss remove;
Eternal praise shall be my song
For all this grace and love.

CCLXIV.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abr'ham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heav'n confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest,

The God of Abr'ham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right-hand.

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and pow'r;
And HIM my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

The God of Abr'ham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways.

He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end
Thro' JEsu's blood,

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagles wings up-borne
To heav'n ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

CCLXV.

PSALM XLVI.

THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy, still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.

2 That

- 2 That sacred stream is GOD's rich grace,
 Diffusing blessings as it rolls;
 Yields prospects of eternal peace,
 Then into glory wafts our souls.

CCLXVI.

PSALM LXV.

- 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains
 GOD of eternal pow'r! [stand,
 The sea grows calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
 Successive comforts bring:
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
 Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
 Heav'n, earth and air, are thine:
 When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
 The author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
 Borne by the winds around,
 With wat'ry treasures well supply
 The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear;
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

CCLXVII.

PSALM CIII.

O BLESS the LORD, my soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless HIS name,
 Whose favors are divine.

O bless the LORD, my soul!
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 Or without praises die.

'Tis HE forgives thy sins,
 'Tis HE relieves thy pain,
 'Tis HE that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.

HE crowns thy life with love;
 HE'll ransom from the grave;
 HE that redeems thy soul from death,
 With sov'reign pow'r will save.

CCLXVIII.

PSALM CXVI.

Recovery after Sicknefs.

I LOVE the LORD: he heard my cries,
 And pity'd ev'ry groan;
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.

- 2 I love the LORD: He bow'd his ear;
And chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirit fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
"Thy pow'r is all my trust."
- 5 The LORD beheld me sore distressed;
He bid my pains remove;
Turn then, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.
- 6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

CCLXIX.

PSALM CXXXVI.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
Th' universal LORD,
The sov'reign KING of kings,
And be his grace ador'd,
For his mercy endureth for ever.

How mighty is HIS hand !
 What wonders hath HE done !
 HE form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the heav'ns alone,
For his mercy, &c.

His wisdom fram'd the sun
 To crown the day with light,
 The moon and twinkling stars
 To chear the darksome night.
For his mercy, &c.

He saw the nations lie,
 All perishing in sin;
 And pity'd the sad state
 The ruin'd world was in,
For his mercy, &c.

HE sent his only SON
 To save us from our woe;
 From satan, sin and death,
 And every hurtful foe,
For his mercy, &c.

Give thanks aloud to GOD,
 To GOD the heav'nly KING,
 And let the spacious earth
 Its works and glories sing,
For his mercy, &c.

ANTHEMS.

A N T H E M S.

I.

For EASTER.

I HAVE set God always before me. For he is on my right hand; therefore I shall not fall.

Wherefore my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced. My flesh also shall rest in hope.

For why? Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life. In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore.

II.

WORTHY is the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive pow'r and riches, and wisdom and strength, and honor, and glory and blessing. Blessing and honor, glory and pow'r, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

III.

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory?

The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory?

The LORD of Hosts: He is the King of Glory. Let all the angels of God worship him. Amen.

IV.

For WHITSUNDAY.

O CLAP your hands together all ye people: O sing unto God with the voice of melody. For the LORD is high, and to be feared; he is the great King upon all the earth. He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet, O sing praises unto our God. O sing praises unto our King. For God is the King of all the earth, sing ye praises with understanding.

V. HAL.

V.

HALLELUJAH, sing together ye walls of Jerusalem, break forth in joy. Hallelujah. For the LORD hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The LORD hath made bare his holy arm in the sight of all nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God. Break forth into joy. Hallelujah.

VI.

HALLELUJAH. For the LORD God omnipotent reigneth, Hallelujah; the kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our LORD and of his CHRIST, and he shall reign for ever and ever. Hallelujah.

VII.

For CHRISTMAS DAY.

BLESSED be the LORD GOD of our salvation, for he hath visited and redeemed his people, therefore we will rejoice in the LORD God of our salvation, for unto us, this day is born a Savior, who is Christ the LORD.

VIII.

GLORY be to GOD on high, and on earth peace, good-will towards men. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given;

his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,
the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the
Prince of Peace. Amen. Hallelujah.

IX.

WHEN the whole multitude began to re-
joice and praise God with loud voices
for all the mighty works they had seen, saying,
blessed is He that cometh in the name of the
Lord, Hosannah, thou King of Glory. Peace
in heaven, glory in the highest, Hallelujah.
men.

X.

HEAR angels, hear celestial choirs,
In raptures catch your golden lyres,
With us your voices raise :
lowest earth, in highest heav'n,
to him, the FIRST and LAST, be giv'n
All HONOUR, POW'R, and PRAISE.

F I N I S.

